

Yukmouth, Thug Lord

* send corrections to the typist

[Chorus]

Thug Lords

Holdin' the chopper in the sky, nigga (Bust Yours)

All my niggaz, they down to ride for the (Thug Lords)

Nigga that cross me, his ass gon die, my nigga (Bust Yours)

Them niggaz (Want War)

[Verse 1]

I'm glad you said it, now you old ass rappers gon get it

Been in the business twenty seconds, held down eleven

J., you better tell these fuckin peasants, you wet me, you get wetted

Even your fuckin _____, get detted

Fake ass synthetic, poetic emcees get shredded

Styles pathetic, I move to Texas, take all your letice

I got a six-million dollar fetish, that's what it takes to build me

I know you wish some niggaz peel me, and drill me

You better pay a nigga to peel me, and kill me

Fill me 'til the shit the empty, play it filthy, put a hundred slugs in me

Spot a nigga out like Spuz Mc Kenzie, the thug is in me

My spare time, I rhyme, drink Remy, load up the semi

I was born to slap the shit out of macks, take their bitch

Run up in their studio, duct tape their clique

A smilie face ain't shit, if you got Yuk in your mouth

My nuts in your mouth, how does it feel to get fucked in your mouth?

Niggaz ridin' Bentley's, your artist stuck in the house

Starvin', broke as fuck in the apartment, stuck in the south

I'm weighed out, niggaz some where in Germany, burnin' weed

Learnin' these foreign languages, tourin'

Always performin' like Laryn Hill, my shit's sore as steel

I'm real, like Slim Shady, bitch quit ignorin' skills

I kill, niggaz better stop smokin fry, and poppin' pills, I drill

But all you muthafuckaz, I'm the illest nigga, I feel

Fuck a record deal, the game is fake

My nigga Coolio said "Fuck 'em", start sayin' names and dates

Make 'em hate the "One Hit Wonder";

This time, my shit hit like thunder, in the Hummer, nigga, the MOB took me under

Try'na be mack niggaz, stay your ass in Atlanta

Old ass rappers, make Oakland look bad like Hammer

Niggaz dissin Yuk, sayin' they don't like my shit

Then turn around and say "Yuk, help me write my shit";

Ain't that a bitch?

[Chorus]

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All of my niggaz, they down to ride for the (Thug Lords)

The nigga that cross me, his ass gon die, my nigga (Bust Yours)

Them niggaz (Want War)

[Verse 2]

If them niggaz ain't down wit gettin' cream, fuck 'em

And if them niggaz ain't down wit the Regime, fuck 'em, I rush 'em

Aim at their limosine, buck 'em, I never loved 'em

I never trust them, nigga I crush 'em, old antiques I dust 'em

And fuck 'em off in the game like so

Nobody _____, fuck wit my flow, not even you stole my hydro

My main objective: "Take this bitch over";

They gon make me vice president before this bitch over

Beware of the Ayatolla, come and shut you down

Make you exit out of town, who got the best shit now?

Nigga, you know your ass was in Tha Row, what side you on?

That's why I'm doin' my next song with Eightball and Bone

Bitch, (ha ha ha ha)Thug Lord (ha ha ha, yes)